
HOKKU

issue 6

20p or trade

love poems



thanks to penny rimbaud

WHO I AM

I DON'T WANT TO BE GOD

I'M NOT A SAINT OR A PROPHET.

I HAVEN'T LOST IT TO BE ABLE TO SAY-

I JUST WANT TO BE ME.

I WANT TO BE IMPERFECT, I WANT TO BE UNFINISHED

AND I WANT TO FIND WHAT WILL FINISH ME.

I HAVE NO DEATH WISH. I WILL WRITE NO MEMOIRS.

I SERVE NO FALLING STAR,

I ONLY WANT TO WISH ON ONE,

AND EAT THE FRUIT THE EARTH CAN GIVE ME.

YET I'M SLIPPING.

FALLING FOR YOU.

THE GREEN LEAVES AND FLOWERS LEAVE ME SPEACHLESS.

BUTTERFLYS, INSECTS AND CHILDREN MAKE MY HEART ACHE.

NEVER DID I FORSAKE THE EARTHS SWEET EMBRACE.

I'D MARRY HER IF SHE HAD HUMAN FORM.

I'M FORLORN.



too much so

if i am waiting
i am the old man time, fated
how long does he wait?
your face was heaven to me
now the heartache
as i fell for the taken
my heart would have been yours
and the woman is ethereal
flesh and blood and mind is you
never have i fell so hard
and the thought of you is what i am
falling so deep beyond reach in stars
heaven helped to shape my heart with your face
why are you so far?
a stranger in danger and i am the one who's lost?
not i but he, when one dreams of the final kiss
at least love's been seen
and the walls of reality matter not in the end
b ut the thought of you is harsh to the sentiment
that brings my heart to linger
i was the ladybird on your finger
never more than so
never more than this
while the kiss is ever entangled
i am a song you'll never hear
the tone of my heart, did it struck with you?
i'll never know
am i waiting?
i don't want you to live alone
and waiting was the way it was
fallen on the ground, i am grounded
if he's your true love, i am but a wanderer
for love
and the song is but a crevice in the flesh
when there's a canyon of the spirit
and you are to me all flowers that grow on trees
too beautiful to stand
too far to reach



increasingly i have come to see that 'real' freedom can have no attitude at all, because attitude is in itself a form of enclosure. the question then arises as to whether or not attitudes are in themselves a form of psychic violence or, put another way, self-abuse.

we define freedom as allowing others to exist within the confines of our own attitudes, and oppression as that which is not in agreement with those attitudes. but this is not freedom but an act of enclosure. a freedom that can be defined is no freedom at all.

2. you wrote some brilliant and incredibly meaningful slogans for crass, was your writing for crass an extension of what you were already writing for 'christ's reality asylum'(A poem booklet which the song 'reality asylum' is based)? was your writing always political?



2. any external expression is by nature a form of politic. every how, where, why and who of our external existence qualifies a political position which is solely ours. this is a fact which we cannot escape.

when love is given a voice, it is love no more. there is silence or there is perturbation, nothing more.

3. would you say that the ultimate message of crass is just to be yourself?

3. there is no authority but yourself. yes, that appears to be an ultimate, but within such an apparently simple statement there lies a real problem or trap, for who, what, where and why is that self?

without doubt there is no authorship but oneself, but does that give 'authority'. frankly, i just don't know.

can we 'know' our self? and if we can, who or what is it that knows it? the mirror can no more look at itself than we can. who, then, am i? nothing but what you make of me. beyond that, there is no substance.

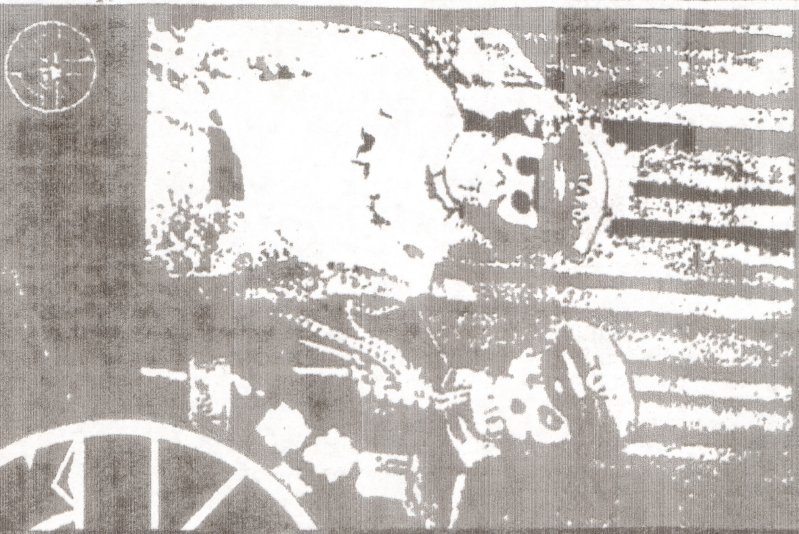
any ideas that i might have of substance cannot be confirmed by yours. the moment that they are expressed, like it or not,



THE RULING CLARSES?

CLASS · PIECE OF ARSE?

RIGHT ! HANDS UP



CRASS

penny rimbaud
— interview '10

"there's a strong argument for the two most influencial punk bands of all time being the sex pistols and crass; the former encouraged bored teenagers everywhere to get off their arses and start their own bands, the latter encouraged them to think for themselves." * - ian glasper

1. the song bloody revolutions has the line 'freedom has no value if violence is the price', one thing i know about revolutions is that they're almost always violent, why was pacifism so important to crass? and what do you think about the belief that some people have that pacifism is for the 'better off' only?

1. thirty years ago, when i wrote 'bloody revolutions', i believed in pacifism as a force for social change, a form of politics of negation, but since then i have had to reconsider my position.

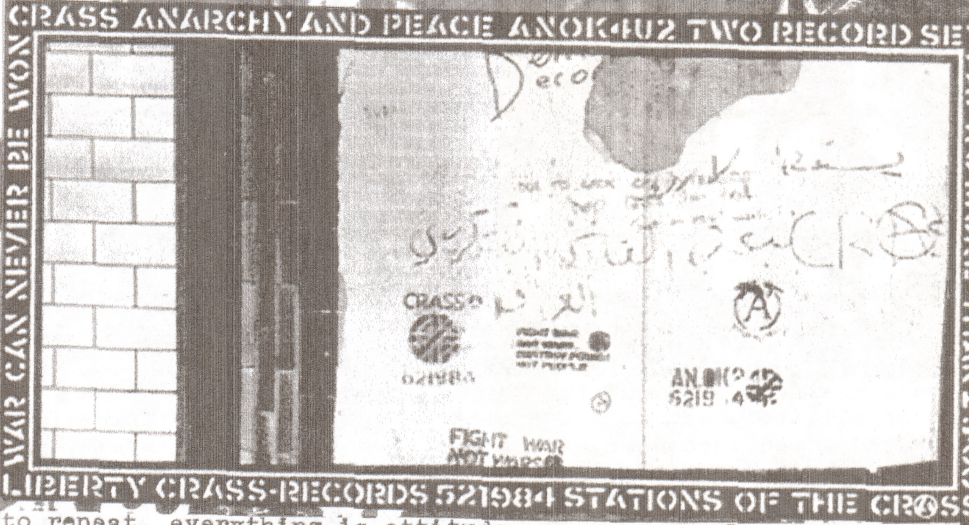
i continue to believe that as a personal approach to one's own life, pacifism has a great value, but as a social cause it seems too flawed to be credible. but equally , thirty years ago i still believed in political engagement, believed that change would come about 'in contest with the masters',

THE RULING CLARSES?

CRASS 2219843 BULLSHIT DETECTOR 1 OMG!

but increasingly i have come to see this as an arrogant, foolish delusion. i have always believed that, essentially the only 'real' change can be in oneself and that that is the only real catalyst, whereas oppositional politics simply strengthens the resolve, if not the physical force, of that which is opposed. within this context, i have to state that although intellectually i am able to understand conflict, i have absolutely no psychological comprehension of it. in this respect i am an innocent.

in the great 'them and us' equation, we are all 'them' until we are able to stand alone - 'i and the world that i perceive'. there is no real truth, only attitude, then why set out to sea in a leaking boat? until we can stand solidly and completely alone without the false comforts of illusory pasts and equally illusory futures, we really have nothing of any value to offer anyone, least of all ourselves. if others are 'wrong', then, logically, so must we be.



to repeat, everything is attitude, no more, no less. the world that we see is the world created by our attitudes, this being the nature of what we call 'belief'. all and any attitude is an expression of belief. we talk of external 'belief systems' ignoring the fact that each and every one of us is, in fact, a self-contained belief system, indeed, the only belief system that we will ever experience if not know. nothing is possible without attitude, for the external world is nothing but attitude. without attitude, the external world cannot exist, and neither can we.

so, yes, pacifism was an attitude which i held thirty years ago. any substance that it might have had then was the substance which i gave it quite despite whatever anyone else might have wanted to make of it.

WAR CAN NEVER BE WON

your ideas become mine for the cannot exist without me.
each one of us is as many people as we are known by, yet to ourselves we are at best shadow.

4. because i believe that poetics ride closer to any cocept of truth than politics could ever hope to provide, i'll finish with a recent poem dedicated to william wordsworth.

INCANTATIONS OF INTIMACY By Penny Rimbaud
-for WW-

How I cry out to touch
where expression of it is only there in the taking.

When longing was rich,
how longed for I was,
but was that the tension of opposites we call love,
or merely the abstraction of desire?
How freely I would come to you in the grove
that you were entertained
as I learnt the confines of the unconditional.

Is love, then, mere trinket,
a rare but never unique union of matter,
or is it no more than corporeal flambovance?

I have yearned landscape every bit as much as body,
indeed, I see them as one:
the laboured hillside arcing back-worn into the swirling mist:
the oil-black tarn abbreviating the moor-land:
the wind-bent blackthorn so far from the bloodied brow.
All these pulling down the sky
to whisper strange incantations of intimacy
that here perhaps might be the quietude of forgetfulness.

Then also the hawk or crow
or other carrion weighed against indifference,
screeching the epiphany,
devouring the profanities of separation.
These winged scholars
bring me wisdom and learning
beyond reach of frail mortality.
Then is it there that needs we must exist?

Oh, strange friend, I have bowed to thy feet in the bleeding
or downed the sacrament with lusty pleasure
that once again the sun might treasure our bodies
or melt us down to earth.
Yet how versed we are in resistance,
how studied against the invisible
that angels be denied the avalanche of being.
So then, I shall stand proud upon the snowfield
and await the thaw (or be buried in the waiting).

REVIEWS

beginning of the end-if you're going through hell keep going lp
this is the debut album from london's b.o.t.e. it's heavy crust with powerfully harsh female vocals. the songs cover topics such as child soldiers in uganda, women's rights, death, etc... it's very dark and atmospheric in production, but the title of the album is very positive. this comes with a poster and booklet with all the lyrics. definetly crust at its best. active rebellion, roebuck house, roebuck place, chapel-en-le-frith, sk23 0er, uk

punk//ping//ponk issue 4 ??
this new issue of p.p.p looks great, i don't know what the fuss about it not being pro-printed is about? lots of great uk bands this issue with the legendary sacrilege, hellbastard and extinction of mankind. very cool to see these bands in a malaysian zine there's also an interview with diskontroll/execradores and noise punks wardogs, plus some comments on the audio cassette and the usual reviews. pat, p.o. box 7126, 40704 shah alam, selangor, malaysia

bald cactus issue 26 50p
first of all i love the cover, with the cartoon characters as asterix and obelix carrying a huge boulder. this is the twentieth anniversary issue and a limited number came with a free teabag to celebrate (not mine which is just as well since i'm staying away from caffein). this is a nice solid zine having interviews with dick lukas about subhumans and culture shock, fuck with fire, social parasites, inner terrestrials, writings from pete wright about crass, as well as gig reviews and the usual reviews. my favourite part of the zine though was andy's personal writings they were thought provoking and funny (esp. the one about the pussycat dolls, i agree that pop culture is sick) and were what made this zine special.

bald cactus issue 27
another great issue of bald cactus. this time with interviews from section 13, i.c.h., burnt gross, more interesting personal writings and reviews. great. Bald Cactus 145-149 cardigan road, leeds LS6 1LJ

brassneck- words tend to be inadequate cd
4 songs of what seems to me like pre-punk rock with violin. it made me think instantly of the velvet underground and nico. interesting with male and female vocals. from hampshire. brassneck 24b alexandra road farnborough hants GU14 6DA

more noize issue 4
this is the first time i've seen this zine and there's quite a lot to it. writing about tonys' love of noise and d.i.y. which i agree with, esp. about not buying records on ebay. there's a see you in h hell brazil tour report, a giftgasattack interview, lots of reviews cool photos, more noize 31 woodville road E17 7ER london

media junky issue 12
this is a resource zine, it's all reviews, which is a nice way of helping keep the diy community connected. it's small and has good but slightly disturbing collage artwork. jason rodgers po box 8512 albany, ny 12208 usa

popular reality/p p j issues 2 and 15
this newspaper size split zine is filled with interesting and chaotic writings, interviews and more. slightly on the chaotic side, it's also evident to me that this split zine is all about being random. maybe that's the point? contact jason rodgers, media junky

DEPTHS OF UNKNOWN MIND

contact:

i wanted to make this zine without a computer and nearly succeeded. i'm in the process of moving elsewhere in the uk for now, so, i'm afraid it's (tristankylegemmell@hotmail.co.uk).
i'd like to write more about the connections i see between punk and taoism, not so much the taoism that was a later invention, but the way of thought of the books 'tao te ching' and 'chuang tzu'. which were illusive creations that defied conformity in all ways, even unto themselves. much how i see the spirit of punk, destroying old

concepts to see things from another view. how do i know that i dream of a butterfly and not that a butterfly dreams of me? and how do i know that violence against another being isn't violence against the self? or that a flower doesn't have in its spirit, drum rolls, distortion and manic screaming? have we come a long way? yet our thoughts are less profound than those of the nineteenth century.

it seems choice isn't good for the imagination (the plugged in choice of consumerism is very different from the choice to live how we choose.) one choice is excessively unnecessary, the other choice is the most important power we possess. we should ignore the former and make full use of the latter. things get better when we live the way we choose, not what we're moulded to falsely believe we want. what vision is left and is anyone asking? pay no more than what we can get with inflation.

all we can really do is live in a way that's true to ourself, trying to save others is dangerous, b ut if we don't 'try' to do anything, we can help more than we'd ever realize. believe in the spirit, believe in the source, and don't fear emptiness and simplicity. there were many punks thousands of years before the seventies. until we meet again.

tristan

WALKING THROUGH SOUNDLY



